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BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

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CHRONICLE-UNION.

E. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.

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A VERY DISMAL JOKE.

An Undertaker Appropriates the Prince Albert of a Dead Man.

Some queer things turn up in connection with the records that are filed daily in the city hall, says the Buffalo Commercial, showing many a peculiar phase in human nature. Lots of these little occurrences never come to light, but this morning one came to the knowledge of the Board of Health authorities that is worth telling.

On High street, the number is withheld, a few days ago a citizen fairly well known in that part of the town, passed over to the great majority. The certificate of death reached the office in due time and was properly disposed of and entered upon the records. A doctor of eminent respectability called at the office this morning and told of an extremely unique piece of work that happened in connection with the demise of the High street resident.

When he died of course the first thing done was to secure the services of an undertaker, and a gentleman engaged in that line of business was sent for. He carried out his part of the contract, supervised in person the arraying of the remains, and when all was completed the widow of a few hours stepped into the room and stood leaning over the casket.

Her grief was great, but it did not prevent her sharp woman's eye from observing that every thing was not right, and, turning to the undertaker, she said:

"This is not George's coat. There must be a mistake."

"I think it is," replied the undertaker. "It's the one that was given me for the purpose."

Well, so as not to enter too deeply into details, it is enough to say that the lady very quickly discovered that the undertaker was wearing her husband's Prince Albert, and that his had been ripped up the back and placed upon the form of the departed.

There was something of a scene then, but the matter was amicably arranged. Two coats, nearly alike, and the live man being about the same size as the dead one, caused the trouble.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.

An Iowa Newspaper Man Tells Them How to Be Happy.

Husbands ought always to wear a smiling and happy countenance, says the Clarinda (Ia.) Journal. Should the care of providing the raw material to make a home weigh you down, never mind, always go home with a smile. Husbands have often lost the affection of their wives by looking careworn.

Be careful about your personal appearance; much depends upon that. Be sure that your hair is smoothly arranged and your collar spotless before presenting yourself at the breakfast table. It is by attention to such little things that you may be able to retain the affection of your wife.

Don't complain if you are sick. A complaining husband often drives a woman to seek more congenial society. If you have the toothache—smile.

If you are embarrassed for want of funds to meet the necessary expenses of your household, always bear it with a cheerful and happy expression—always smile; your wife may be driven to spending her evenings elsewhere than at home if you complain.

Keep up with the times. Your wife, having the care of the education of the children, naturally reads more than you. Don't let her. After you have worked twelve or fourteen hours a day, devote the remainder to keeping your mind in good trim, so that your wife may not find a more congenial spirit elsewhere.

Should your wife smoke or use tobacco in any form, it isn't best to object. Smiles will do more than frowns. Encourage her to smoke or chew, as the case may be, at home, or she may be driven to stay away from home. Personal liberty is always sacred.

By always paying strict attention to the above rules, and smiling continually, you will probably be able to retain the affections of your wife for a considerable time.

The shape of eggs has nothing to do with the life germ, unless the egg is deformed. The shape of the egg conforms with the shape of the ovary and duct, hence we have long eggs, short eggs and round eggs. The air cell spoken of is in the broad end, and if this part is smooth and even and if the germ is fertilized, that is all that is necessary to form shape upon. Hens lay larger eggs than pullets.

Gunpowder's First Application.

The commencement in the use of gunpowder is involved in obscurity. It does not appear to have rivaled the use of the cross bow till the reign of Edward III., 1356 is about the earliest date mentioned of its use in England. It was many years before it actively superseded the old method of propulsion.

UNAPPRECIATED FEET.

Experience of a Philadelphia Girl Who Tried to Startle Englishmen.

English women, says the shoe-maker, have large feet and know it. They live up to them serenely, and wear great boots and shoes, square-toed, broad, flat-heeled, with a naivete that amuses and scandalizes their American cousins. They don't care tappence for feet. In the great tide of American girls that rushed across the Atlantic last spring to revel in a London season, says the Boston Herald, there was a gay little Philadelphian, bright as a brand-new dollar, witty, clever, but, alas! accounted in the contest of beauty in her native land, decidedly plain. One good point, indeed, she possessed beyond question, and that was her feet. They were simply bewitching. Small—she wore No. 1—slender, with an instep curved like a Spanish senorita's; they were things of beauty and joys forever, and the young woman to whom they belonged squandered her substance in silk stockings and ravishing shoes when she was on the point of starting for England.

"There," she sighed to herself, in rapturous anticipation, "I shall be appreciated. My feet will probably create a furor, and, I should think, ought to secure me an Earl, at least. I wonder if her Majesty will mention them when I am presented? It is my golden opportunity, the chance of my lifetime!"

She came back to Newport in August a sadder and a wiser girl—without the Earl.

"It's all a snare and a delusion," she pouted at luncheon to her interested friends. "Those English girls have feet that are simply enormous—enormous! I only saw one who wore a smaller boot than a seven. But they have no refinement of feeling, no artistic sensitiveness at all. Not a soul ever mentioned mine! Not a single soul! I kept them displayed as artlessly and prominently as I could wherever I went, and not one living human being ever spoke of them."

"Not the Queen?" suggested her bosom friend. (It is always your bosom friend who asks disagreeable questions.)

"The Queen?" repeated the Philadelphian. "My dears," her voice sank to an impressive whisper, "my dears, I give you my word when I saw her she had on low black slippers, something like ankle ties, and crowded into them her fat feet in white stockings. That's the sort of thing they admire over there!"

"GENTLEMEN TRAMPS."

They Are Becoming a Nuisance in New York Suburbs.

What the police call "gentlemen tramps" are becoming more prevalent, says the New York Sun. Members of the force and others who are familiar with the lounging resorts in certain parts of New York are constantly interested in the gradual downfall of certain whom they know by sight. As the months go by these loungers grow more and more seedy and needy in appearance. Neatness leaves them and they gradually become mendicants on the highway; but they are not classed with the regular professional tramp. The "gentlemen tramps" are men who have formerly been respectable and often have some sort of a desire to procure work. They are always going somewhere to answer an advertisement or to make an inquiry, but incidentally they are on the outlook for alms. Perhaps the most successful of all these men is a tall and rather military looking personage, about fifty years of age, with a white moustache and a head of curly white hair. He tramps between Fifteenth and Twenty-third streets, and, according to the police and shopkeepers of that vicinity, has begged for nearly eight years. He was once a floor-walker at a famous dry-goods house on Fourteenth street. His feet were almost on the ground, but there is a pretense of brushing on what remains of his boots, and there is an air of ostentatious but fictitious neatness in his attire. He does not approach people promiscuously, but singles out his victims with great sagacity and care. They are nearly always elderly ladies or spinsters verging on middle life. He stares at the women from whom he intends to beg plaintively for a long time as he walks near her. Then he takes off his hat, approaches humbly, and pours out his tale of woe. He never under any circumstances attempts to beg from a man. His story is so effective that in nearly every instance the woman from whom he begs stops and listens courteously. Then she opens her purse slowly and looks at her change. After carefully considering the question after the fashion of women, she deliberately selects her coin and passes it over to the beggar. His manifestation of gratitude is extreme. He is said to be the only beggar who succeeds regularly in getting contributions from the same victims many times over.

The Capitoline Appearance.

When Dom Pedro of Brazil was here he went through the Capitol, and in passing by Aunt Clara's booth she created a tremendous sensation by rushing out and throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him.

Then she cried in a voice loud enough to be heard from Moses to Lincoln: "I've kissed a king! I've kissed a king!"

Of course the Emperor was greatly astonished at this procedure, but it was explained that she had a weak

Wife—"You haven't been inside of a barber's since we were married."

Husband (mournfully)—"No; a beard child dreads the fire."

COQUETRY AND BEAUTY.

Susceptibility of Men to Frivolity and Simplicity.

Coquettes Seem to Command a Premium While Homely Women Are Left Unnoticed—The Masculine Mind Tired of Pedantic Lectures.

A born coquette is more dangerous than a beauty, asserts a writer in the New York World. She inherits a better legacy than wealth, for while money gives life its cushion beauty gives it color and coquetry makes it sparkle. The coquette will go on with her conquests while there is a man left in the world with a heart in his bosom. There is a woman in New York who keeps a big establishment for the education of coquettes, and instead of walking on rose leaves she treads on golden eagles. Feats of her performances are secured two years in advance, and to make the application you pay a handsome deposit. There are no graded courses of study, no exhaustive examinations, no tedious memory lessons and no incessant, eternal and intolerable smashing of piano-keys. Aspirants for degrees can go to the Harvard annex. Would-be grenadiers are directed to Holyoke and Columbia, and blue stockings are advised to enter local high schools and universities for intellectual force. Here coquetry is fostered and no secret made about it, either. Square shoulders are rounded into De Milo grace; flat soles are raised by judicious foot coverings; high foreheads sheltered by kiss curls; harsh voices lowered a whole tone; angular elbows turned in; stiff joints loosened and every symptom of a strong mind ruthlessly suppressed. The pupil is sweet-eyed, soft-cheeked and curved. She is carefully instructed to know nothing and to do nothing that will rob a grace or mar a smile.

And does she pay?

Doesn't she.

Drop her in the village lane or quiet promenade of her native city and see if she is not gobbled up by the most promising young lawyer or most prominent bachelor in the town.

This is a serious, angular old world. Men are sick and tired of shrewdness, logic, argument and brains. They want to be amused, distracted, diverted. Good sense is tedious after the market closes, and the woman who talks profit and loss, supply and demand, premium and discount in evening dress, in the moonlight or at a dinner party, is a nightmare in petticoats, to be eluded at the first turn in the lane. Change is rest, and, while we have gigglers, we love gabble. There is where the coquetry of woman wins.

I remember riding in an elevated train beside a grizzly man of fifty and a breezy, chatty girl enveloped in fluttering ribbons, dreamy lace and the scent of wild olives, who was pouring society chat into her companion's ear. When a lull came in her recital do you think he sighed restfully? Not a bit of it. His only remark was: "Tell me some more."

Coquetry is to the wine of life what the sparkle is to champagne, and there are women who can no more help being coquettish than that delicious draught can help bubbling.

A pretty lot of nonsense, too, brothers preach against rice powder, curl papers, lip rouge and sweet scent. It is a matter of comment that these dear protected sisters receive more than a liberal allowance of home, while the veriest Dolly Varden in the set has her fill of the play, the dance and the tennis court.

The coquette is helped over dangerous crossings, her packages are picked up and brushed when she drops them. The first place at a bank window and the first consideration in the shops are hers. The coquette gets the loveliest flowers, the most delicious candies, the newest books and the latest prints in the market. The coquettes receive the idolatry of men. Their hearts, their hands, their names, and finally their worldly goods.

She need not make a show-case of herself nor play the flower garden to the captivating. A girl can be absolutely irresistible in a fifteen-cent cambric. Innocence, youth, beauty, sentiment are associated with a girl in a white dress. Plenty of men shrink from brocade and passementerie as fabrics beyond their income, but the white cambric, the white mull, the white any thing is a raiment that blots out arithmetical calculation.

The coquette may be as wise as Maria Mitchell, Susan B. Anthony or Abigail Dodge, but she will never let a man find it out. She knows too well how they hate things didactic. And so she smiles sweetly, talks gayly and lives to please. Here's luck to the little coquette. Long may she wave and never waver.

The Unlucky Number.

A little squad of printers in New Haven were photographed some months ago, and since then some one of them has been sick constantly.

The incessant illness led some of the party to attribute it to the picture, which it was found contained just 13 figures.

As soon as it became known that the party contained that fateful number the increase of illness was marked, and to-day four or five of the party are out while the remainder are going about sicking themselves and shaking with fear over what may happen.—[New Haven Register.

SHE WANTED JUSTICE.

And, Like Many Others, Went to the Wrong Court for It.

During the closing minutes of the session of the court of general term in room No. 4 at the court-house yesterday, says the St. Louis Republic, a pale, grief-furrowed face might have been seen pressed against the glass panel of the door. The eyes were large and black, but dimmed with excessive weeping, and there were heavy bleak circles under them. Her dress was black and threadbare. For ten minutes she stared into the court-room, hesitating between fear and indignation. Meantime court had adjourned, the judges retired and all attorneys and loungers went quickly out. Still the woman held her place at the door. Presently some one passed, saw the woman, addressed a word or two to her, and then, opening the door for her, said politely:

"A lady to see the judge, Mr. Brent."

"The judge has retired, madam," said the clerk.

"Can I see him, then?"

"I fear not."

"But couldn't I go to his residence?"

"That depends. Do you wish to see to see him on legal business?"

"I want to see him about my divorce case," said the woman, breaking down and crying quietly. "He hasn't been fair with me."

"Is your case in court?"

"Oh, I don't know, sir. It was set down for the April term, and it should have come up in April, you know, and now they tell me it's put over to October. My God! I can't wait; I can't wait so long."

"Did you have an attorney?"

"Yes, I had Mr. Blank first and he took all the money I had, $18, and then threw it up when he found I hadn't any more. Then I got Judge —— and he presented my petition, but he's never done any thing more, and now he's let them put it over till October. It's cost me nearly $50 already, and that is more than I can save in a year."

"Judge —— wouldn't treat you in that way willfully. He isn't that sort of man."

"So they told me, but I guess they're all alike," and she wrung her hands pitifully. "You see I haven't any money, and I can't get any relief. And he comes and beats me and robs me and threatens to take little Eva away from me. He says he has the right because he is my husband and I'm not able to care for her properly. But, oh! sir, she can't, can she? Don't you see if it goes over until October it will kill me. And God knows what will become of the baby. What shall I do, sir?"

"There's only one thing. You must get your attorney and come into court and explain, showing of these facts."

"I can't see the judge?"

"No, madam."

"But it isn't right. I don't understand it. I haven't been treated fairly, and if I could see the judge just a moment I know he couldn't refuse me."

"I'm very sorry, madam, but it's against order."

"And I thought there was justice in the courts!" sobbed the woman, as she left the court-room.

How many others have cherished such illusions!

A MOTHER'S HEROISM.

She Displays a Ferocious Fortune in the Wilds of Texas.

The wife of Morris Kapper, a ranchman owning an extensive place near here, says a letter from Harrold, Texas, had an adventure with a large female panther, in which the lady succeeded in killing the animal with a hoe. Her husband had requested her on leaving the house at dinner to send him some medicine, which he was taking at regular intervals when these paroxysms occurred, which she did, dispatching her son, a boy of nine or ten, to his father, who was employed in his vegetable garden, situated about three hundred feet from the house. Her second child, a little girl of three, begged several times to go instead of her brother, so in the evening Mrs. Kapper, to gratify the child, sent her instead with the medicine.

The mother afterward following the trail, which was perfectly distinct, soon came upon a panther dragging the child by its little dress along the ground, but the weight prevented the animal from going faster than a walk; so, without its detecting her she ran back and caught up the hoe that her husband had left in the garden and returned. The panther had then dropped the child, but was still standing over it, and on seeing Mrs. Kapper began to snarl, showing its pointed teeth.

She ran up to it, when it again seized its prey in its teeth, but the heroic lady tore her child from its grasp, and putting it behind her, met the panther as it rushed at her, infuriated at the loss of its booty, with a blow of the hoe, which missed the head, yet severed its left ear from it. The panther paused in its attack on her and began to lay and lick the wound with its mouth, scratching and tearing up the ground. Mrs. Kapper then brought the hoe down on its head with such force as to crush in its skull, and the next moment the animal lay dead at her feet.

Eggs Become Unwholesome.

Eggs are said to become unwholesome when kept in refrigerators; a fungus forms in them which is easily found by a microscope, although it is not noticeable to the taste. This fungus constitutes a danger when we consider how many eggs are consumed by all classes of society, and people of delicate constitutions ought to be particularly careful that they use fresh and not kept eggs.

A NOTORIOUS BEGGAR.

Some of the Wild Adventures of Moore Carew.

The Career of a Good English Fellow Who Became the King of Mendicants of the Day—A Device Dread Which Brought Him Large Rewards.

There were great men before Agamemnon—beggars as well. Mendicant tricks of the trade have not changed much since the beggar lay outside the gates of the rich and showed his sores—doubtless painted on every morning and washed off every night. At all events that was a trick in Luther's time. One reads of it in the "Liber Vagatorum," to which he wrote a postface. The trick evidently in vogue.

Of all clever rascals undoubtedly Bampfylde-Moore Carew was the cleverest, says the Chicago Tribune. He was born in 1693 of a good old Devonshire family; his godfathers were Hon. Hugh Bampfylde and Major Moore; his father was rector of Brickley-by-Tiverton.

In short, the youngster was well launched. At school he was an excellent student; an all-round athlete and a good horseman—of course the son of the rector of Brickley kept his hunter. One day he and three schoolmates—sons of Devonshire gentry—in a harum-scarum mood raced through a farmer's wheat field. The master of the school was one of the birch-rod sort. He ordered them up for flogging the next day. Whereupon these four Lopefuls levanted and joined a gypsy caravan. Time and again they were reclaimed by their families. Carew and one of the lads named Escott always made off again to the gypsies.

At last they were left to follow their own devices.

Carew after many adventures was taken up as a vagabond and sold as a slave to Virginia. He escaped and made his way back to England before the Captain who had carried him out. A second time he was sent over; a second time escaped.

He was made "King of the Beggars" and played the rascal until he was seventy-two years of age. Then his cousin, Sir Thomas Carew, died and left him a competency.

Of all his wild adventures undertaken for the sake of gulling humanity, one deserves recalling. At the time it occurred he was about thirty. He was drinking one night in a maunder's-pen in the parish of Fleet, near Portland Race, in Dorsetshire. There he chanced to hear that a ship had been driven on the shoals and was in danger of going to pieces. He ran down to the coast. No boat could live in the sea that raged up the rocks; a few fisher folk lingered helplessly on the sands, seeing the signals and hearing the cries of the wrecked men, but unable to give aid. Carew got away from these people, stripped to his shirt and trousers, and under cover of the darkness plunged unseen into the sea. Twice he was tossed back on the shore. The third time he made shift to get out of reach of the undertow and swim to the ship.

It was nearing morning, and in the gray light he clambered on board. He found only one of the crew—a poor wretch lashed to the mast. The others had been washed overboard or drowned in trying to swim ashore.

"What ship is this?"

"The Makesure," answered the sailor; "she belongs to Bristol, Captain Griffin, master, bound from Hamburg to Bristol with a cargo of Hamburg goods."

As they were talking the ship parted; every wave dragged away great pieces of her.

"Make fast that rope to my waist," said Carew, "we'll get ashore together or go down."

The fellow was a coward—he had not had pluck enough to make a trial of it with his shipmates—and refused.

Still Carew urged him.

The poor wretch was half dead with fear and suffering, and clung to the mast, shivering and weeping. In a moment more he was carried under by a sea that broke over the wreck, and swept it off the shoals into the deep.

Carew fought his way to shore—spent and bruised, with a broken arm and leg.

Day had dawned and there was a great crowd on the beach. It need hardly be said that Carew got sympathy enough and aid more substantial. The neighboring gentry vied with each other in relieving the poor ship-wrecked sailor—only survivor of the Makesure. He was given clothes and money; for two years lived on the strength of this one affair. Indeed, one of his biographers—there is quite a Carew literature—states that the adventure brought him in over $5,000.

Never mind that—it was a plucky act. To borrow Mr. Lang's illustration the cynical Frenchman's remark that we would all be rascals were we not, by chance, cowards.

How to Eat a Water-Melon.

It is said in Florida that the way to eat an orange is to put your nose in it. This advice applies to the water-melon in the most emphatic manner. There is nothing fit to eat in the melon but the heart, and that should be torn out and eaten bodily, and if the juices should run down the neck and into the sleeves, so much the better. Sweets to the sweet—and nothing could be sweeter than these juices, which embody the fruition of the year and all that is best in the seasons. The knife is a deadly weapon. It destroys the flavor and has a deadly effect on the fruit. People who understand their business never use a knife, but go at it like pugilists, and the more barbarous the attack the finer the feast.

CURIOUS BIRD STORIES.

How a Partridge Was Killed by a Railroad Train.

A Sparrow in a Thunder-Storm—Fine to Meet Caught in a Church by a Night Hawk—Friendship Between a Rooster and a Dog.

A few days since, writes the Norwich (Conn.) correspondent of the New York Sun, a partridge that was cleaving the air in swift flight across a break in the forest along the Air Line Railway, in Windham County, performed an odd trick on an express train that was extremely unfortunate for the bird. The four p. m. express train was a trifle late coming into Pomfret village, and was running at lightning speed, when the partridge essayed to cross over the track in front of the locomotive. Both the wild and rushing engine were following the legs of an acute triangle to its apex at the railroad line, but the partridge underestimated the speed of the train, which reached the apex a second in advance. The heavy bird struck the express car, in which Sam Dikeman, expressman, was sorting over freight, and went through a window in the side door with the momentum of a solid shot. So swiftly it sped it cut a clean circular hole in the large window pane as evenly as if the instantaneous job had been done with a diamond. Splinters of glass fell in a jingling shower the whole length of the car, and as Sam straightened himself from his work in dumb amazement the bird fell dead at his feet, a mass of feathers and broken bones. Sam had broiled partridge for supper that evening, and to save himself the expense of the broken window he made oath before the railroad superintendent that the wild bird, not he, was the author of the mischief.

In the memorable thunder-storms last week, while the whole firmament seemed to be shot through unceasingly with zigzag lances of lightning, many mid little birds sought refuge from the fearful uproar wherever a shelter offered itself. On one dark afternoon the telegraph operators rattling away at the keys in the Western Union office in New Haven suddenly heard a rustling overhead, and glancing about saw a sparrow, high, having come in through the open window, was swiftly skimming about the high-ceiled room. Then came a great crash of thunder, jarring heavily under the foundations of the building, and the little bird with a frightened "peep" fluttered down on the sounder at W. J. Sheehan's desk. Mr. Sheehan picked up the sparrow and held it in his hand until the fury of the tempest had somewhat abated, then took it to the window and released it. But the bird would not go out into the storm, and after hesitating on the window ledge for an instant returned to the operator, climbing on his shoulder and nestling against his face. Finally he threw the sparrow far out of doors and hastily shut the window, but it came back and pecked at the window-panes.

On another evening a big night hawk flew into the German Lutheran Church in New Haven while Prof. J. E. Whittecker, of Rochester, was lecturing on "The Follies and Foibles of Modern Life," and for fifteen minutes excitement reigned. A night hawk is a blundering creature in its flight, and as the wide-winged bird darted back and forth in the sanctuary in great sweeps and circles just above the audience, its spotted pinions gleaming specter-like as it hummed through the air, women screamed and darted about the pews, and finally the lecturer had to stop talking for fifteen minutes. Every one was afraid of the bird, for as it skimmed along the gallery front and shot among the heads of the people, once passing so close to the face of Prof. Whittecker it fairly took the words of his text out of his mouth, it went with the speed of a rocket, and it seemed it must go slam bang into somebody or something in its dizzy turns. Once a wise man shouted: "Catch that bird!" and the profound advice set the congregation to laughing. Finally the hawk, in a random dash, accidentally scooted through a window, and then the lecture went on again.

At Rockville a rooster and a dog have become fast friends. For a week the bird had been beset by a fierce cock, both being members of the same flock, and the two roosters fought almost constantly not far from the dog's kennel. Finally, the weaker bird, sick and friendless, having been completely knocked out in the ring, fled into the dog's kennel to escape its bloodthirsty foe, and, dropping in the straw, made eloquent signs, as if asking protection and shelter. Carlo undoubtedly had watched the combat between the birds with an intelligent and sympathetic eye, for not only did he permit the wounded rooster to tarry in his house, but when the other bird attempted to enter the kennel to glut its fury further he arose threateningly, growled, and just looked at the vindictive pursuer once, and that bird evidently made up its mind that the time for discretion had come. He went away gallantly. Since then the wounded rooster has dwelt with the dog, and the two inmates of the kennel seem to be warmly attached to each other. If any rooster challenges to mortal combat are forwarded to his friend the dog attends to them promptly, so the other barn-yard fowls have concluded that it won't do at all to monkey any more with the rooster that lives in a kennel.

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Antelope Township—WM. RADLEY.
Benton Township—WM. LYNCH.
Benton Township—J. H. McCABE.
Bodie Township—H. C CURRAN.
Bodie Township—GEORGE HATCHEL.
Bridgeport Township—E. GURNEY.
Bridgeport Township—B. L. SIMMONS.

CENSUS.—The following are the return of the Second and Fourth Census Districts of California. It will be noticed that the agricultural counties are steadily pushing to the front, and the mining counties are retrograding:

Counties	1890.	1880	
SECOND DISTRICT.			
Alameda	53,596	62,576	*30,540
Alpine	667	579	*1[illegible]8
Amador	10,315	11,384	†1,069
Calaveras	8,871	9,0[illegible]4	†2[illegible]3
Contra Costa	13,803	12,525	*1[illegible]8
El Dorado	9,206	10,[illegible]83	†1,477
Nevada	17,373	20,823	†3,448
Placer	15,033	14,283	*557
Sacramento	69,234	34,890	*5,333
San Joaquin	23,[illegible]76	24,343	*4,227
Tuolumne	6,038	7,[illegible]59	†1,320
Totals	243,270	208,943	
CITIES.			
Oakland	48,[illegible]70	33,555	*14,615
Sacramento	26,272	21,420	*4,852
Stockton	14,376	18,275	†3,899
FOURTH DISTRICT.			
Fresno	21,[illegible]56	9,[illegible]78	*21,280
Tulare	24,[illegible]75	11,241	*12,934
Kern	10,[illegible]31	5,[illegible]01	*4,630
Santa Cruz	19,[illegible]95	12,[illegible]72	*6,423
San Luis Obispo	16,[illegible]79	9,[illegible]42	*7,037
Stanislaus	9,[illegible]65	8,[illegible]50	*1,[illegible]15
San Benito	6,[illegible]29	5,[illegible]84	*[illegible]45
Monterey	18,[illegible]86	11,[illegible]02	*7,[illegible]85
Merced	7,[illegible]02	5,[illegible]56	*2,[illegible]46
Mono	1,[illegible]62	7,[illegible]49	†5,[illegible]87
Mariposa	[illegible]917	4,[illegible]31	†[illegible]022
Totals	149,769	91,314	

*Increase, †decrease.

NEW TO-DAY.

ALICE M. HAYS,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

NEW TO-DAY.

M. J. CODY,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR
SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR.

PROBATE NOTICE.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, made on 18th day of September, 1890, in the matter of the estate of JONATHAN K. DENISON, deceased, the undersigned, the Administrator of the estate of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on

THURSDAY, the 30th DAY of OCTOBER, 1890,

at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Law Office of Wm. O. Parker, at Bridgeport, in the County of Mono, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Jonathan K. Denison at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Jonathan K. Denison at the time of his death, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying, and being in the said County of Mono, State of California, to wit:

An undivided ½ interest of, in, and to one lot of land situate on South side of Main Street, Bridgeport, Mono County, California, and more particularly described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at N. W. corner of lot owned by Harriet Barnes, and running Westerly 210 feet; thence Southerly 300 feet; thence Easterly to S. W. corner of lot of O. F. Strobridge, a distance of 185 feet; thence Northerly 150 feet to N. W. corner of O. F. Strobridge's lot, thence Easterly 75 feet to N. E. corner of said O. F. Strobridge's lot; thence 150 feet to place of beginning. And again commencing at N. W. corner of lot owned by James Patterson, and running Westerly 66 feet to N. E. corner of lot owned by Mrs. H. Boone; thence Southerly 150 feet to S. E. corner of lot of said Mrs. H. Boone; thence Westerly 60 feet to S. W. corner of said Mrs. Boone's lot; thence Southerly 150 feet to Kingsley Street; thence Easterly 156 feet; thence Northerly 150 feet; thence Westerly 40 feet; thence Northerly 150 feet to place of beginning.

All bids to be in writing, and left at said office of Wm. O. Parker.

Terms and Conditions of Sale: Cash, to be paid to Administrator on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Deed at expense of purchaser.

D. M. WALTERS, Administrator of the Estate of Jonathan K. Denison, deceased.

September 25th, 1890.

WM. O. PARKER, Attorney for Administrator.

[s27-td]

MINING NOTICES.

Notice of Assessment.

MONO GOLD MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Location of works, Bodie Mining District, Bodie, Mono county, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of Sept. 1890, an assessment, No. 30, of 10 cents per share, was levied upon the Capital Stock of the Corporation, payable immediately in United States Gold Coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 62, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 25th day of October, 1890, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on

TUESDAY, the 2d day of DECEMBER, 1890,

to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

B. L. BURLING, Secretary.

OFFICE—Room 62, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

[s20-td]

Notice of Assessment.

GOLETA MINING COMPANY.

Location of Principal Place of Business, San Francisco, California.

Location of Works, Jordan Mining District, Mono County, California.

NOTICE is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 16th day of September, 1890, an assessment, No. 1, of 10 cents per share, was levied upon the Capital Stock of the Corporation, payable immediately in United States Gold Coin to the secretary, at the office of the Company, Rooms 18 and 19, No. 330 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 27th day of October, 1890, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 24th day of November, 1890, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

D. M. KENT, Secretary.

OFFICE—Rooms 18 and 19, No. 330 Pine street, San Francisco, California. s20 td

Notice of Assessment.

MONTECITO MINING COMPANY.

Location of Principal Place of Business, San Francisco, California.

Location of Works, Jordan Mining District, Mono County, California.

NOTICE is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 16th day of September, 1890, an assessment, No. 1, of 10 cents per share, was levied upon the Capital Stock of the Corporation, payable immediately in United States Gold Coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Rooms 18 and 19, No. 330 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 27th day of October, 1890, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 24th day of November, 1890, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

D. M. KENT, Secretary.

OFFICE—Rooms 18 and 19, No. 330 Pine street, San Francisco, California. s20 td

Notice of Assessment.

STERLING MINING COMPANY.

Location of Principal Place of Business, San Francisco, California.

Location of Works, Jordan Mining District, Mono County, California.

NOTICE is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 16th day of September, 1890, an assessment, No. 1, of 5 cents per share, was levied upon the Capital Stock of the Corporation, payable immediately in United States Gold Coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Rooms 18 and 19, No. 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 27th day of October, 1890, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 24th day of November, 1890, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

D. M. KENT, Secretary.

OFFICE—Rooms 18 and 19, No. 330 Pine Street, San Francisco, California. s20 td

MISCELLANEOUS.

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with great success and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named.

These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the World.

	CURES.	PRICE.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Wakefulness of Infants	.25
4	Diarrhea, of Infants or Adults	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Torpid Liver	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Eruptions, Erysipelas	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria	.25
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.25
18	Ophthalmy, Inflamed, Sore or Weak Eyes	.50
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
21	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
22	Kidney Disease	.50
23	Nervous Debility	1.00
24	Urinary Incontinence, Wetting Bed	1.00
25	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Dr. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL (144 pages) fully bound in cloth and gold, mailed free. Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

SPECIFICS.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for **Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,** and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—Humphreys' Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

Teachers' Examination.

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS, Bridgeport, Mono County, Cal., September 15, 1890.

THE NEXT REGULAR MEETING OF THE County Board of Education of Mono County will be held on

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1890,

at Bridgeport.

Applicants for Teachers' Certificates or Diplomas will please file their intentions with the County Superintendent and Secretary of the Board.

CLAY HAMPTON,
s20-td County Superintendent.

Pasture.

D. M. & H. F. BARNETT ARE PREPARED to Feed and Shelter Stock during the Winter, at their Ranch in Antelope Valley, at reasonable rates. The hay is clear of "Foxtail," and consists of a mixture of wild grass and alfalfa. For further particulars, Address,

s27-tf D. M. & H. F. BARNETT.

Notice.

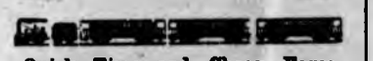
TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

ALL persons indebted to the ESTATE of the late JOHN HOYE, of Wellington, Nevada, are requested to settle such indebtedness on or before the 1st day of November, 1890, or such accounts will be placed in the hands of proper authorities for collection.

MRS. MARY HOYE.

Wellington, Lyon Co., Nevada, August 24th, 1890. s6 2m

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.



Quick Time and Cheap Fares To Eastern and European Cities,

VIA the Great Trans-continental all-rail Route.

—OF THE—

Southern Pacific Company.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Daily Express Trains make prompt connection with the several Railway lines to the East,

AND AT

NEW YORK and NEW ORLEANS

With the several Steamer Lines to

ALL EUROPEAN PORTS.

—AND—

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars

—AND—

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

attached to Overland Express Trains.

Tickets sold, Sleeping Car Berths secured and proper information given upon application at the Company's Offices, where passengers calling in person can secure choice of routes, etc.

Orders Sold at Lowest Rates for tickets for passage from Europe and Eastern Cities to any point in the Pacific States and Territories. These Orders, if not used, will be redeemed at the full amount paid therefor.

RICH'D GRAY, Gen. Traffic Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

RAILROAD LANDS

For Lands in Central and Northern California, Oregon, Nevada and Utah, apply to or address W. H. MILLS, Land Agent, C. P. R. R. SAN FRANCISCO.

For Lands in Southern California, apply to or address JEROME MADDEN, Land Agent, S. P. R. R. SAN FRANCISCO.

TYPE METAL

For Sale at

This Office

EASTWALKER RIVER TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

EAST WALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD are as follows:

Buggy team	$1 50
Loaded wagon and two animals	1 00
Each additional head of animals	50
Horseman	75
Pack animals, each	25
Hogs and sheep, each	5
Loose stock, each	5
Empty teams, half price.	

HOTELS.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

Main street,

BODIE.....CAL.

N. W. BOYD.....Proprietor

THE ABOVE HOTEL WILL BE conducted as first-class in all its Departments.

The Table Cannot Be Excelled.

THE ROOMS ARE FIRST-CLASS. Being Heated and Kept Scrupulously Clean. Very Best Attention, as well as the Best Accomodations

HOT SPRINGS HOTEL.

SAMUEL FALES.....Proprietor

JUNCTION OF THE ANTELOPE AND SONORA WAGON ROADS,

(25 miles from Sonora and 30 from Bodie),

MONO COUNTY, CAL.

This well-known and popular Summer Resort is pleasantly situated on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains amid wild and picturesque scenery, which offers superior inducements for tourists. The best of accommodations for families, the rooms being large and airy. For invalids the

STEAM, MUD AND SWIMMING BATHS

The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar.

Good Fishing in Walker River.

Commodious Stabling. my22-tf

BARNETT'S HOTEL,

COLEVILLE, MONO COUNTY, CAL.,

Antelope Wagon Road, 50 miles from Carson City and 35 from Bodie).

D. M. BARNETT.....Proprietor

The hotel is new, commodious, and pleasantly situated, and supplied

The table is supplied with the best the market affords.

The BAR is supplied with the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Stabling and Blacksmith shop connected with the house. 34-

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. S. MINER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Bridgeport, Mono County, Cal

Will practice in all the Courts of California and Nevada. Mining litigation will receive special attention. jel4-tf

FRANK P. WILLARD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BODIE, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

Water Rights, Land and Mining Litigation a specialty. d7-3m

W. O. PARKER, Bridgeport, Cal. P. W. BENNETT, Stockton, Cal.

BENNETT & PARKER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA. jel3-tf

W. H. VIRDEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO CO., CAL.

Will practice in all the Courts of the States of California and Nevada

Land, Mining, and Water Rights, a specialty.

OFFICE—Opposite the Leavitt House. my31

CHARLES L. HAYES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DISTRICT ATTORNEY,

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

OFFICE—Court House. ap26 tf

PROBATE NOTICE.

Notice to Creditors.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Mono, State of California.

ESTATE OF ALBERT S. MONTROSE, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the Estate of Albert S. Montrose, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at her residence, Wood street, in the town of Bodie, Mono County, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in said County of Mono.

MARY A. MONTROSE,
Administratrix of Estate of Albert S. Montrose, Deceased.

Dated Bodie, Mono Co., Cal., this 28th day of August, 1890. au30-4w

PIONEER SALOON,

CORNER OF COURT HOUSE BLOCK AND MAIN STREET,

BRIDGEPORT.

Refitted and furnished with the BEST of everything required in a First-Class Saloon

au2-tf P. M. RICHARDSON.

BRIDGEPORT SALOON.

CORNER OF MAIN AND SINCLAIR STREETS BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

This SALOON has been refitted, and is stocked with the BEST of WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS.

And will be conducted first class.

je21-tf B. L. SIMMONS, Proprietor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTOFFICE STORE.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.,

HAS IN STOCK

Choice Family Groceries.

DRY GOODS.

FANCY GOODS.

CLOTHING.

BOOTS, SHOES and HATS.

Wines and Liquors,

PAINTS, OILS, LAMPS, CHIMNEYS and WICK

Hardware.

Stationery, Confectionery.

Powder and Shot.

A. F. BRYANT.

JOE A. BROWN.

General Merchandise,

Main Street, Bridgeport.

Choice Family Groceries,

Fancy and Toilet Articles.

Canules and Nuts

Yankee Notions.

Powder, Shot, Caps and Cartridges,

Stationery, etc., etc.

THE GREAT CARRIAGE HOUSE

OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

MAXON & ACKLEY,

911 and 913 Second Street,

Sacramento, Cal.

30,000 of their Celebrated Open and Top Buggies, Phætons, Carriages, Grocery and Fruit Wagons, have been sold and are now in use in California and Nevada, and give unfailing satisfaction

ALL THEIR WORK IS GUARANTEED.

The Best Vehicles for the Money on the Pacific Coast

Their new Illustrated Catalogue and Price List mailed free on application.

1864. 1890.

CHRONICLE-UNION,

THE PIONEER

On the Eastern Slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California.

The Oldest and Leading Paper in.

MONO COUNTY.

THE RECOGNIZED OFFICIAL PRESS.

AND RELIABLE ADVERTISING MEDIUM OF THE COUNTY.

Published Saturdays at

THREE DOLLARS PER YEAR.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, OCTOBER 4, 1890.

Official Press.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

STATE APPORTIONMENT.—Commenting on our conclusions that the Legislature will apportion the Assembly Districts so as to overshadow Mono with more populous counties, and that it will be many years to come before this county will be allowed to nominate an Assemblyman, the Inyo Register says:

"If the coming Legislature is governed by ideas of justice neither of these counties will be so unfortunate as to be hitched to some trans-Sierra district. For any actual benefit we might as well be hooked with Siskiyou as with Fresno or Tuolumne. The next Assemblyman should resist to the utmost any any attempt to change this district, since each of the counties must fare worse under any possible new arrangement. It will make this a small district, in comparative population, but any change will leave us in the cold when it comes to ever having a direct representative. The "Last of the Mohicans" should be prepared to maintain this point with the Last Mohican whoop left in his body."

In this fight, "Manifest Destiny" sides with the Pale Faces, and our young chief will go to the happy hunting ground. In 1880, Alpine's 639, and Inyo's 2,928 were added to Mono's 7,499 to meet the ratio of apportionment. The new apportionment is likey to be one Assemblyman to about 17,000 population, in which case, the probability is that Alpine's 667, Inyo's 3,544, Mariposa's 3,817, Mono's 1 962 and Tuolumne's 6,028—16,018, will constitute one district. We do not feel dismal over this, on the contrary we trust this county will drift over the summit—there is good Legislative timber in Mariposa and Tuolumne.—Mono has no cause to be proud of the Assemblymen that went from her confines.

CENTRAL COMMITTEE.—The Republican Central Committee met at Bodie on Thursday evening, and organized by the election of Silas B. Smith, Chairman; George D. Leary, Secretary; N. W. Boyd Treasurer; and the Bodie members as an Executive Committee. H. M. Eddy was nominated for District Attorney, D. M. Walters Public Administrator and Coroner, and John F. Milliner Surveyor. It was ordered that the ticket be placed at the head of the columns of the CHRONICLE-UNION and Homer. A. F. Bryant, Wilson Butler, J. F. Meisner and J. G. Thompson were appointed delegates to the Assembly Convention to meet at Bishop on the 11th inst.

SCHOOL FUNDS.—Superintendent Hampton has apportioned the State School funds—$541 19, as follows:

DISTRICT.	STATE.		LIBRARY.
Bodie	$ 97 42		10 2
Bridgeport	48 71		5 41
Benton	48 71		5 4
Antelope	48 71		5 11
North Antelope	48 71		5 4
South Antelope	48 70		5 41
Mono Lake	48 70		5 3
Landy	48 70		5 42
Clinton	48 71		5 4
	$487 07		$54 12
	54 12	541 19	

MONO'S CENSUS.—Contrary to our cotemporaries, we have patiently waited for the official report promised us by Superintendent Porter. We are in receipt of the following, under date of September 27th.

"Replying to your inquiry of March 6th the official count of Mono County, California, is 1,962."

Having exhausted their "special 2,016." our cotemporaries have an opportunity to ventilate the CHRONICLE-UNION'S "official 1,962."

BOARDS OF ELECTION.—The last Legislature amended the election law in a complicated manner in regard to the counting the ballots. The Board of Supervisors are to appoint two Inspectors, two Judges and two Clerks, all of whom must be able to read and write the English language, and unless from good cause, if they refuse to serve, they are liable to a fine of $500 and imprisonment at $1 per day until paid. Pay is not to exceed ten dollars, and the polls are to be opened at sunrise and closed at 5 P. M.

A VETERAN GONE.—Early on Tuesday morning John Truby went fishing, and at about 3 o'clock his body was found on the bank of the river near Stewart's. Deceased had been sick for several months, and died from hemorrhage of the lungs at the age of fifty years. He had been a resident of Bridgeport a number of years, was a genial and respected citizen. The funeral, under the auspices of the G. A. R., was largely attended on Wednesday, the service being read by Comrade W. O. Parker, and the choir singing. In connection with the G. A. R. Memorium, his services in the field will be published next week.

HONEST.—The Inyo Index has at its masthead "Frank E. Hume will for Assemblyman." Our nominee is worthy of the confidence of the voters of this District for they may rest assured he is above suspicion, and his record will be good.

CANDIDATES.—In another column will be found the announcements of Alice M. Hayes—Mrs. David Hayes; and M. J. Cody, Democratic candidates for Superintendent of Public Schools, and Sheriff respectively.

THE MEET.—The Board of Supervisors will meet in regular session on Monday next.

CLOSED.—The Great Register closed this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

DECEASED.—On Sunday last, at Antelope Valley, Niles Snodgrass, a respected citizen, departed this life at the age of 60 years. The funeral took place on Tuesday.

FLAG RAISING.—On Friday afternoon next, the 75 foot flagstaff and flag will be raised at the Bob o' house.

SUPERVISOR.—Supervisor Joseph Carney has been renominated by the Democrats.

SHAKEN OUT OF GEAR.

By malarial disease, the human machinery can not half perform its office. Digestion, secretion, evacuation are disordered, the blood becomes watery, the nerves feeble, the countenance ghastly, sleep disturbed, and appetite capricious.—Terrible is this disease; fell its consequences. There is, however, a known antidote to the miasmatic poison, and a certain safeguard against it. In malarious regions of our South and West, in South America, Guatemala and on the Isthmus of Panama, as well as in transmarine countries where the scourge exists this intimitable preventive and remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has during the last thirty five years, been constantly withstanding the record its usefulness, and demonstrating its sovereign value. Liver complaint, dyspepsia, constipation, kidney trouble, rheumatism and debility are all remedied by it.

MEDICAL.

Weak Women.

Owe to themselves a duty to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, in view of the great relief it has given those who suffer from ailments peculiar to the sex. By purifying the blood, regulating important organs, strengthening the nerves, and toning the whole system, it restores the debilitated to health.

After 15 Years.

"For 15 years my mother has been troubled with milk leg. She went to different parts of California, as persons said the climate might help her, but it was of no avail, and I, being a druggist, thought I would get her to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before she had taken half a bottle she said she was improving, so she continued until she took half a dozen bottles, and now she is perfectly well. For nearly fifteen years she was unable to walk around, but now she can walk as well as ever." T. F. BLAKE, San Francisco, with C. F. Richards & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

Like a New Creature.

"I have been for years trying to get help for that terrible general debility and weakness so common to women. Within a year I have taken ten or twelve bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I am now feeling like a new creature." MRS. F. B. ROSS, Marlin, Texas.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass

100 Doses One Dollar

BUHACH

THE UNRIVALED

Insect Exterminator

Manufactured solely from Pyrethrum flowers, grown in California, in a locality where the soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to the production of flowers rich in the essential oil which makes them so remarkably destructive to insect life.

Avoid the Worthless and Spurious Preparations, sold as Insect Powders, and use Buhach from original packages, and clear your premises of all Annoying and Destructive Insect Pests.

None Genuine Without the Trade Mark.

If your dealer doesn't keep it, order direct from the

Buhach Producing & Manufacturing COMPANY,

SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

STOCKTON, - - CALIFORNIA.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

Pacific Department—Distributing Office, 725 Market Street, Flood Building, SAN FRANCISCO.

PRESERVE JARS.

THE "LIGHTNING" GLASS JARS—QUARTS GLASS TOP, RUBBER, and WIRE SPRING, for Sale at

CHRONICLE-UNION OFFICE.

HOMER E OSBORN.

GENERAL BROKER IN

Merchandise, Fire, Life and Accident Insurance,

510 California Street.

SAN FRANCISCO.

C. L. WALTER,

Regular Republican Nominee for STATE SENATOR. 34th Senatorial District.

WM. H. VIRDEN,

Republican Candidate for SUPERIOR JUDGE.

JOHN D. MURPHEY,

Republican Candidate for COUNTY CLERK, AUDITOR, AND RECORDER.

WM. STEWART,

Republican Candidate for SHERIFF and TAX COLLECTOR

JOSEPH A. BROWN,

Republican Candidate for COUNTY TREASURER

John J. Welch,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR ASSESSOR.

Cornelia Richards,

Republican Candidate for SUPERINTENDENT of PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

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Persons now receiving pension who have other disabilities not contracted in the service are entitled to additional pension thereon.

2. The widow of any officer or enlisted man who served ninety days or more in the army or navy during the war of the Rebellion, who is without other means of support than her daily labor, without regard to the origin of her husband's fatal disease.

In case of the widow's decease the child or children under sixteen years of age are entitled to the pension.

3. The parents of any soldier or sailor of the late war who died from a wound or injury received, or disease contracted while in the service, provided such parents are without other present means of support than their own manual labor.

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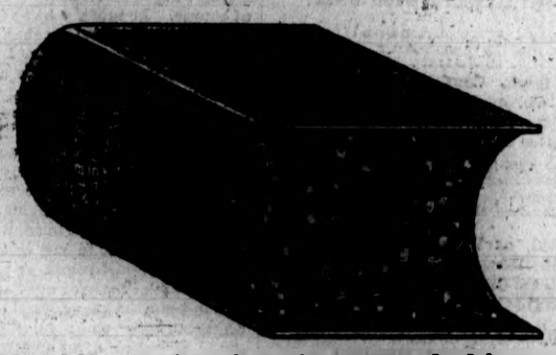

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IMPLEMENTS.

SOME QUAINT RECORDS.

Bits of Witticism Printed with Wedding Announcements.

Bright Thing Copied from Newspapers Published Within the Last Hundred Years—Puns Upon the Names of Brides and Grooms.

This collection of marriage announcements has been copied for the Detroit Free Press from old newspapers published within the last one hundred years, of which the compiler has examined between 100 and 200 volumes, selecting such as he thought worth repeating to the present generation. The old wits were famous for punning upon the names which they could utilize for the purpose, and many of these announcements will prove amusing.

In Concord, N. H., February 8, 1814, Isaac Hill, one of the editors of the Patriot, to Miss Susan Ayer, daughter of Captain Richard Ayer.

As I walked out the other day,
Through Concord street I took my way;
I saw a fair I thought quite rare—
I Hill walked out to take the Ayer
And now since earth and air have met together,
I think there'll be a change of weather.

In Haverhill, Mass., August 2, 1829, Cotton K. Simpson to Miss Sarah R. Marble.

An old calculation of gain and loss
Proves "A stone that is rolling will gather no moss."
A happy expedient has lately been thought on,
By which a Marble may gather and cultivate Cotton.

Wedded, at Black Lake, S. I., February 9, 1838, James Andesson to Anna Bread.

While sweets the lovely graces spread
And fragrance round them flutter,
I'll be contented with Anna Bread
And won't have any but her.

At Botsah, Conn., August 24, 1818, John Bate, of Williamston, Mass., to Miss Mary Ann Bass, of the former place, after a courtship of one hour.

Is this not angling well, I ask,
Such tender bait to take?
He caught in one short hour a Bass!
The Bass, though, caught the Bate!

Married, at Winniesburg on Friday, April 15, 1853, by Rev. Mr. Malone, at St. Peter's Church, Mr. Will Moon to Miss Annie Cooke:

He is not mad, though lunar light
His troth did overlook;
For he has gained, to his delight,
A wife that is a Cooke.
"His goose is cooked," and other maids
May envy her the boon,
Whose tall ambition wished and got
The bright man in the moon.

New York, March 10, 1833, Tomoas Secord to Miss Cordelia Ketcham:

"Ketcham, Cordelia, if you can;"
"I hitve," says she; "Secord's the man."

February 5, 1838, by Rev. McFarland, Solomon Payne to Miss Ruth Baker:

Some females fall in love with wealth,
Some with a lovely Swain;
But Sarah, in the bloom of health,
Takes to herself a Payne.

In Boston, April 8, 1821, Joseph Willent to Miss Susan Whitmarsh after a courtship of thirteen days and but thirty-five days after the death of his former wife:

The best way, it seems, for deep sorrow to smother
For the loss of a wife—is to marry another.

December 9, 1833, Stephen Bumprey, aged 76, a revolutionary pensioner, to Miss Sarah Dewey, aged 28.

"In '76 he fought and bled;
At 76 he wooed and wed."

Washington, D. C., May 17, 1834, Joshua Peck to Miss Amelia Bushel.

Allsookorn, robes and wedding cakes—
What changes of measures marriage makes;
Quick as a thought at Hymen's beck,
A Bushe changed into a Peck.

Married at Horonlaneum, Mo., May 23, 1831, John W. Honey, Esq., to Mary Austin.

From sweet flowers the busy bee
Can scarce a drop of honey gather;
But, oh! how sweet a flower is she
Who turns to Honey altogether!

Captain Will Graves to Miss Nancy Graves Carroll, Carroll County, N. C., June 15, 1815.

The graves, 'tis said,
Will yield their dead
When Gabriel's trumpet shakes the skies;
But if God please,
From Graves like these
A dozen living folks might rise.

TORTURED FOR A DOLLAR.

A Cruel Practical Joke in the Land Where Mosquitoes Thrive.

A citizen of St. Louis was in Florida for his health. Not being strong he had a negro named Joe, who went around and assisted him when necessary. There are mosquitoes in Florida, and the St. Louisan was complaining one day about their number, says the St. Louis Republic.

"Dat ain't nothing, boss," said the negro servant Joe; "down in de swamp dey is terrible; dey is as big as gallinippers, and wo! don't they bite."

On arriving there they were convinced. Mosquitoes half as big as sparrows swarmed about them in clouds.

"Joe," said the St. Louisan, a bright thought striking him, "how much would you take to lie down on the ground here, naked, for ten minutes, and let these gallinippers bite you?"

"Don't know, boss," said Joe with a shudder.

"Will you do it for one dollar?"

"Well, I'll try it, boss," returned the negro, and in a few minutes he was down on his stomach, as bereft of clothing as when he was born.

The sun was shining with terrible force, the thermometer being over a hundred in the shade! Joe had hardly settled himself when the mosquitoes swooped down on him with wild and bloodthirsty songs, and began a feast. Meanwhile one of the gentlemen was holding the watch.

The St. Louisan quickly drew a sunglass from his pocket, and getting a focus, proceeded to blister Joe's back in fine style. In a few moments it was sizzing, and the cruel tormentor asked Joe how he felt.

"Well, boss," said Joe, grasping. "I don't mind the gallinippers, but, boss, please kill that wasp what is sticking his stinger in my back."

Joe got his dollar.

A FAIR SNAKE-CHARMER.

She Went Into the Business to Support a Lazy Husband.

I saw in a Bowery dime museum, says a New York correspondent of the Boston Herald, a very beautiful girl charming snakes. She seemed one of the happiest mortals under the sun, the twinkle of her eyes and the gentle curl of her red lips indicating that her heart was as light as a bird's. When she lifted the huge striped and spotted snakes from their boxes and coiled them round her neck, arms and body, often letting their clammy scales press against her mouth, I was considerably shocked, and I wondered what circumstances of life could have possibly impelled a woman of such superior physical charms to adopt a repulsive profession of this sort. A young man very much under the influence of liquor was exhibiting the freaks in the museum, and, as the snake-charmer twined her pets around her, always smiling as though she enjoyed their embraces as well as if they were the arms of a lover, he recounted the history of the girl, saying that she was a Princess in Abyssinia, and that she preferred snakes to dolls as a baby. After the exhibition, and while the crowd was clustered about the wild men of Borneo, I ventured to ask a few questions of the snake-charmer while buying from her a photograph of herself. I began by the surest route to a woman's confidence, assuring her that a girl of her good appearance might easily be occupied better than sitting about all day in a dime museum.

"Oh, it is no choice of mine," said she, with a perfectly happy smile.

"Whose then is it?" I asked

"My husband's," she replied. "That's he showing the freaks. I hate snakes, of course. I couldn't have touched one two years ago any more than you could. I got married, thinking I should be taken care of, but Jim is a worthless fellow and he can't support me to save him. I first went into the show business as a hair freak. I had my hair bleached yellow, and arranged it so it stood straight all over my head, but those things are only worth about ten dollars a week, and I began to look for something better. There was a snake-charmer sat next to me in the show in those days, and I began by touching the snakes with the tip of my finger. When I found out that they couldn't hurt me, on account of their fangs being taken out, I managed after awhile to get used to the feeling of them, and would handle them for my own amusement. The man that owned the snakes died, and just before he went he told me to take the snakes and to give exhibitions with them. The owner of the dime museum offered me twenty-five dollars a week if I would do the act, and so one night I stopped every bit of feeling in me, and stood up before the crowd and wound the things around me. I don't like them now, but I have grown almost indifferent."

"What do you stay in such a disagreeable business for?"

The smile faded from her face, and she snapped the silver snake bangle viciously on her wrist. "When you marry a brute," said she, "he makes a brute of you—that is, if you love him."

"And you love him?"

"Yes, once in awhile; when he is sober."

GETTING THINGS MIXED.

The Lives of Two Western Newspaper Men Saved by a Proof-Reader.

In a certain Western newspaper office the gentleman whose business it is to record the fluctuations of the live-stock market sits across from the young man to whose lot it falls to report wedding ceremonies. Both, says the New York Times, are graphic writers, and enjoy that latitude of expression characteristic of Western journalism. Both use the same kind of paper, and their penmanship is not unlike.

Not long ago the wedding reporter was suddenly called out of the office, and left in the middle of the table several sheets of paper on which was a description of a fashionable wedding. These sheets were gathered up by the live-stock writer when he finished his report, and the two stories became mixed. This is what the zealous care of a proof-reader, later in the evening, saved from reaching the public eye:

"The church was elaborately decorated with holly and evergreen and the altar was hidden in a wealth of flowers. Out of the recesses rose rare tropical plants, and from the ceiling hung fifteen Western veals, which at this time of year are scarce and correspondingly dear at 6 to 8½ cents per pound. There was also an active demand for choice lambs, and farmers east of the Mississippi river can profitably turn to sheep-raising and take the bride, who wore a gown of white corded silk, a creation of Worth's, with pearl ornaments.

"Then came the maid of honor, the cousin of the bride, Miss Henriette Blower, of Chicago, wearing a dress of white tulle with diamond ornaments, and she was followed by a small bunch of Montana sheep, which bleated most piteously as they were driven on board and shipped to the winter hotels in Bermuda. They will there be cut on train and slightly decollete, and after the rest of the party had reached the rail the minister turned and said impressively: 'I can not bid more than 6½ cents for State veals, but cablegrams from London quote refrigerated beef at a price that will enable me to pay $4.90 for a car of choice Indian beeves, and hearing this there was a rush for the young man who locomote and the bride fell into the arms of her father, who is known to bear a striking resemblance to—a Connecticut ox weighing 1,675 pounds. The market here took an upward turn, and the guests, who numbered about two hundred, were served with a sumptuous dinner at the house of the bride."

Where the Profits Go.

A New York burglar stole a diamond breastpin worth $700 and a sealskin dolman worth $600, and all the money he got from the "fence" who bought the goods was $130. The burglar added that he once stole eleven gold watches, each valued by the jeweler at $350, and all he got for the lot was $325. He had to take this or run his own risks. The profit is not in the stealing, but in the "fencing."

[illegible]

Fresh Gossip About Mrs. Beecher, Mrs. Custer and Mrs. Grant.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has returned from Florida, and is seen on the streets occasionally, a little figure, slight, white-haired and folded in a black shawl. When I met her yesterday, says a New York correspondent to the Post Dispatch, there was the faintest touch of pink on her cheeks, giving her that delicate, shell-like beauty which sometimes goes with a soft wave skin and white curls. She had a bunch of lilies of the valley pinned on her bosom. Within the block I passed another woman whose proximity made me look about startled. Had she recognized the daughter of Victoria Woodhull? I think not. Neither had the pretty Zulu Maud recognized her. A new generation has grown up, and in any case there would not have been any thing dramatic about the encounter. Yet meeting the two brought back old memories. Mrs. Beecher's rooms are full of pictures of her husband—as the young lover, in the prime of life, as he was the year he died—and most of these pictures are so placed that the trail of a vine, the petals of a flower, caress them. Her interests in life are largely the things that interested him, or that she believes he would, if he were now living, meet his approval. She gives a helping hand to the Brooklyn Woman's Health Protective Association, which wishes to clean the streets of a dirty city.

On the same day I passed within the hour two other widows—Mrs. Custer, in black dress and with winning eyes, and Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, who does not walk far, but was crossing the sidewalk from her carriage. Mrs. Custer has the record, I believe, of never making an acquaintance who does not wish to become a friend. She walks the pavements with a splendidly free step, in which one could almost fancy [illegible] presence of the plains. A [illegible] exclamation I found in her [illegible] common-sense shoes. She [illegible] husband's memory and [illegible] literary occupations.

Mrs. Grant looks well and kindly and stouter than is altogether becoming. Queen Victoria, however, is fleshier, and Mrs. Grant dresses in better taste than Queen Victoria. I fancy that little credence is to be given to the report that she will go to England and live with Mrs. Sartoris. All her interests are on this side of the water. Another report, even less probable, says that she has plans for voluminous literary production. When she has finished the reminiscences which now engage her, which will be practically her autobiography, it is more than doubtful if she sets about any further labor.

WAR EAGLE IN STONE.

Kickapoo Indians Come on the Petrified Body of a Chief.

A dispatch from Shawneetown, I. T., to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, says:

There is great excitement among the Kickapoos over the discovery of a petrified body, supposed to be that of War Eagle, a leading chief of the tribe, who died many years ago, shortly after the tribe's return from Old Mexico. Instead of the remains being deposited in the ground in a coffin they were placed in an upright position in a large hollow tree, there to await the coming of the happy hunting days, as the Indians believe.

Yesterday, during the rage of a fierce forest fire, the trunk of the tree was consumed by the flames. A party of Indians who were passing through the woods, stopped to light their pipes, when the image of an Indian warrior, with tomahawk in hand, was discovered underneath the ashes of the burning tree. The scene which followed is described as being most remarkable. The Indians were scared so badly that they lost all self-control, and a regular panic ensued, the Indians rushing madly through the woods and yelling at the top of their voices. As soon as the record could be communicated to the remaining members of the tribe, some two hundred in number, a hurried consultation was held, at which it was decided that the reservation should be immediately abandoned. Luckily some of the more civilized members of the tribe had influence enough to allay the feeling of fear, and the plan of desertion was not carried out.

The place of fright was visited later in the day, when, sure enough, the petrified body of War Eagle was exhumed and placed upon exhibition. The petrification was perfect. The war costume was as natural as life, there being a perfect imprint on the stone of both gun and tomahawk, which were buried alongside the body. The peculiar formation of stone presents an imposing appearance, and, but for the occasional creases caused by insects, would be clear of any imperfections.

A large hollow log was selected, the top sawed off about fourteen feet from the ground, and the petrified body placed therein, to remain forever. A two-inch pine slab bearing the following inscription marks the remains of this tribe's greatest warrior: "War Eagle, great fighter, turned to rock. Indians afraid Great Spirit. Let him sleep on in his beauty forever."

Co-Operative Housekeeping.

Twelve young ladies of Indianapolis, employed in stores and offices, have rented a suite of twelve rooms and are living on the Bellamy plan. Each pays into the treasury $3 per week and a cook is employed to prepare meals. In addition each is assessed 25 cents for a contingent fund, which is held to meet unusual expenses. The young ladies room in couples, and each week two of them are appointed purveyors. The only time they are all together is at supper, but they are contented and enjoy their way of living.

The Cost of War.

Of wars within the last half century the cost has been as follows:

France and Austria, 1792-97	[illegible]
France and Austria, 1799	[illegible]
The European revolt of 1848	[illegible]
France and Austria in 1859	[illegible]
Our civil war, 1861-65	[illegible]
[illegible] and Mexico, 1863	[illegible]
Brazil and Paraguay, 1864-70	[illegible]
France and Germany, 1870-71	1,382,000,000

[illegible] HUSBANDS.

How to Treat Men So That They Will Prove a Joy Forever.

At a recent meeting of the Woman's Club at Marshalltown, Ia., Mrs. H. C. Young caused quite a stir by her response to the toast: "Our Husbands." Quoting Burns, Mrs. Young began:

"Husband, husband, cease your strife,
No longer I your ravel sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I'm not your slave, sir."

"How shall we preserve our husbands?" continued Mrs. Young. "In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in mackerel. Nor by the golden tint as found in salmon. Be sure to select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none, unless you know how to preserve them. Some women do this by keeping him in hot water. Others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and moods. Others roast them or keep them in pickle all their lives.

"It can not be expected that any husband will be tender and good managed in this way. The only true way to do with him is to preserve him. To do this your must have a preserving kettle of the finest porcelain; or if that is unattainable, an earthenware pipkin will do with care. See that the linen in which he is to be preserved is nicely prepared. Tie him in the kettle with a strong silk cord called 'comfort,' as the one called 'duty' is apt to be weak, and he might fly out of the kettle and be burned. (You must remember that husbands are like crabs and lobsters, they have to be prepared while alive.) Make a clear, steady fire out of love, neatness and cheerfulness. Set him as near the fire as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and frizzles, do not be anxious. Some husbands will do this until they are quite done. Add a little sugar occasionally in the form of what confectioners call 'kisses,' but be careful to avoid pepper or vinegar, as these things spoil the flavor. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with good judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is be coming tender. But stir him gently, watching the while lest he lie too flat and close in the kettle, for then he soon becomes spoiled and useless. Watch him carefully and you can not fail to know when he is done.

"If thus treated, you will find you have a well-preserved husband that will prove a joy to you and the children, and he will keep as long as you need him unless you become careless and set him in too cold a place.

"'A kitty for the beautiful realm called home,
A mansion that the Master owns,
Shall look upon as he did the first,
And say—it is very good.'"

CURED BY LAUGHTER.

One of Joseph Jefferson's Funny Experiences in London.

Joseph Jefferson relates in the Century the following concerning a London experience of his: "My approaching appearance was the important dramatic event of my life. I had been five years from America and was on my way home, and I felt satisfied that if this new version of 'Rip Van Winkle' succeeded in London my way was quite clear when I returned to the United States.

"On Sunday evening, being alone in my lodgings, I got out for my own edification my new wig and beard, the pride of my heart, and which I was to use in the last act. I could not resist trying them on for the twentieth time I think. So I got in front of the glass and adjusted them to my perfect satisfaction. I soon became enthusiastic and began acting and posing in front of the mirror. In about twenty minutes there came a knock at the door.

"'Who's there?' said I.

"'Me, sir, if you please,' said the gentle but agitated voice of the chambermaid. 'May I come in?'

"'Certainly not,' I replied, for I had no desire to be seen in my present make-up.

"'Is there any thing wrong in the room, sir?' said she.

"'Nothing at all. Go away,' I replied.

"'Well, sir,' she continued, 'there's a policeman at the door, and he says as how there's a crazy old man in your room, a-dancin' of his 'andkerchief about and a-goin' on awful, and there's a crowd of people across the street a-lookin' up the winder.'

"I turned towards the window, and to my horror I found that I had forgotten to put down the curtain, and, as it seemed to me, the entire population of London was taking in my first act. I had been unconsciously acting to the lighted up, to an astonishing audience who had not paid for their admission. As I threw off my wig and beard a shout went up. Quickly pulling down the curtain, I threw myself in a chair, overcome with mortification at the occurrence. In a few minutes the comical side of the picture presented itself, and I must have laughed for an hour. I had been suffering from an attack of nervous dyspepsia, consequent upon the excitement of the past week, and I firmly believe that this continuous fit of laughter cured me."

Couldn't Get Rid of Him.

"An Auburn man," says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, "thinks just twice as much of dog intelligence now as he did a week ago. He owned a dog and he tired of him, and had agreed to transfer him to a friend who lives in the south part of the city. He took him in his arms, tied a rubber coat over his head and carried him down and delivered him. It was a long distance, and he had no idea that the dog would ever show up again about his own premises. That night on reaching home the dog lay on his accustomed place on the rug, while the Auburn man's wife wore a curious smile of amusement. The conundrum in the family is: How does a dog know the way home?"

A Dot of an Acre.

A 165-acre farm in Connecticut with buildings thereon was sold recently for $155, the lowest price yet recorded there.

A ROCK THAT GROWS.

Remarkable Petrifaction in a Pennsylvania Ravine.

Dripping Water That Carries a Portion of Lime-Stone in Solution with It and Leaves Its Wonders in Nooks and Crannies and Stalactites.

In a deep, dark ravine a few miles from New Castle, Pa., in North Beaver township, Lawrence County, is a wonderful natural phenomenon in the shape of a veritable growing rock. Fifty years ago, when it was first noticed, an inverted wooden pail would almost cover it. To-day it is a great bowlder, ten feet in height and fifteen feet or more in circumference, and weighing not less than fifty tons. During the summer months it is covered with a dense rich moss two or three inches deep, through which the waters from a little spring trickle continually.

The outer formation of this rock has a limestone appearance, but once remove the moss and chisel in the gritty surface and the real beauty and peculiarity of the rock are seen. A cellular formation like a mammoth sponge is discovered, and about the cells is stone as hard as adamant. On cutting further in, this cell-like substance is found to continue, but it seems to have been transformed into a translucent flint. There are tons of this flinty rock, for it is as heavy as granite, and every ounce of it is undoubtedly moss and other vegetable matter petrified.

This remarkable petrification has been wrought by the action of the water from the spring upon the moss. The water seems to have the singular property of turning into stone every thing that is brought in contact with it for any length of time. It has an acrid taste, and is undoubtedly heavily charged with mineral substances, although thus far it has never been analyzed.

The most remarkable fact about it is that it accomplishes so much in so short a time. The moss grows luxuriantly in the dark hollow, and the lapidescent quality of the water has operated year after year upon the layers of moss, turning them into a honeycomb of stone, and adding to what was first a small rock, until to-day there is this great bowlder of petrified vegetation.

A short time after the moss begins to grow in the spring, it commences to solidify at the roots, and the petrifaction follows closely on the track of the growing moss, like the formation of coral on the work of the coral insects. As it progresses, the dark green of the vegetation becomes yellowish, then changes to brown and darkens as the rock grows older. The moss is not all that is perpetuated in stone by the action of the water. Plants, leaves, twigs, every vegetable substance that has fallen on the rock and lain there have been impregnated with and, as by the touch of an inexorable fate, been turned into stone by it. Stratum upon stratum of the moss stone has grown over them, and many such objects are now to be found hermetically sealed deep in the heart of the rock.

To the mineralogist the rock is a mine of treasure and delight. No one ever chisels into that flinty bowlder without coming upon leaves and twigs petrified among the moss and securing many fine specimens to rejoice his heart and make envious less fortunate mortals. Those who have visited it thus far say there is not another such curiosity known in the world. The people in the neighborhood have long known of the remarkable qualities of this spring. Mr. William Allsworth first discovered it nearly fifty years ago. Then the rock was ten feet or more below the spring. Now it has climbed up the side of the bank until it is partially above the level of the spring, and has turned the water of the little brook that comes down through the ravine somewhat out of its course. Mr. Allsworth and some of his neighbors intend to try the experiment of fastening a frog or some other creature in such a way that the water will have a chance to set upon it, and see whether it will fill up animal tissue with its mineral burden as it has done the vegetable ones that have come in continued contact with it. They firmly believe it will, and there seems little reason to doubt it.

HYPNOTIZING A HEN.

An Englishman's Interesting Experiment with a Fowl.

Within the last month I have made an interesting experiment with a fowl, writes a correspondent of the London Spectator. Some choice eggs being sent me for hatching purposes (having no hen at that time broody and no incubator), I determined to set one of my hens on these eggs and keep her there by the force of mesmeric power. The eggs were not fresh when I received them, and to keep them with the uncertain hope of a hen becoming broody might have been fatal to their hatching. I therefore went against nature and set my hen upon these eggs; she was in full lay at the time, and remained so throughout the three weeks that she was sitting, laying, according to her wont, two out of three days. Those who understand poultry will appreciate that no hen will do this, having become naturally broody, although for the first day or two after being set on eggs she had been lay once, or even twice. Marking the eggs I set her upon, I was able to know and withdraw the eggs she kept laying.

The first day I placed her on the eggs it took me half an hour to bring her into a hypnotic condition, but each successive day, after having roused her to drink and eat, I was able to soothe her into drowsy placidity in much less time. I also, there were days, for which I can give no reason, when I had to go to her more than once in a day, she being in a restless, excited state, trying to get off the nest. The result has been, much to my own astonishment, that four out of seven of those eggs have hatched, and are healthy, happy little chickens. I might [illegible] still entrance their mother to her maternal duties, but in the day time she takes no notice of them.

PEOPLE WIDELY KNOWN.

THE Russian pianist and composer, Rubinstein, has a pension of 3,000 roubles from the Czar.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, who gained his chief notoriety as the physician of Emperor Frederick, is coming to America to lecture.

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND'S inheritance from the real estate of her grandfather at Omaha is said to be one-sixteenth of $800,000.

EXPLORER STANLEY'S medal is the first special medal which the British Geographical Society has ever given under such circumstances. It was presented by the Prince of Wales in person.

GLADSTONE and Salisbury differ in politics, but they agree in one thing—they both detest smoking. So do Parnell and John Ruskin, the poet Whittier and George W. Childs.

SECRETARY TRACY has sight in one eye only. When young he taught school in Northern New York, and unruly pupil threw a slate at him, striking him in the eye and destroying the sight.

SENATOR STANFORD owes his first step to great wealth to a fire that destroyed his law library while he was practicing in Wisconsin, and drove him out to California at a time when he struck a ledge that led on to immense wealth.

GENERAL SHERMAN is an inveterate theater-goer. If he likes a play, he enjoys seeing it a dozen times over, and a "first night" is complete without him. In evening dress, with his aquiline face and close-cropped, snow-white beard, he is a very noticeable figure.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, who began life with nothing, has become one of the richest and best known "newspaper men" in the world. He says that the source of the greatest pleasure in the world is doing good to others, and that "being generous is fun on one, just as being mean does."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S home in Cambridge is one of the historic houses of New England. It is a large, square mansion painted yellow, and was built over one hundred years ago in the colonial style of architecture. It was once the house of a Tory family, but for years it has been the Lowell home. During the greater part of Mr. Lowell's residence in England the house was occupied by Ole Bull's family.

SHORTLY before his departure for Berlin Prince Bismarck visited a restaurant keeper who had been his customer many years. Sitting at one of the little tables he ordered a cup of coffee. When then, making his old cook sit down at the same table, he told him that the coffee tasted all the better for being made in so big a cup; "especially," he added, "since I have been forbidden to drink any coffee at all!"

GENERAL VON CAPRIVI is described as a just man, thoughtful and almost tender toward subaltern officers in straits. Simple and unassuming, men of merit mostly are, he soon makes himself beloved by the navy, a never concealing his preference for the army in general, and the Guard in particular; and popular in Parliament though disdaining the use of even the slightest ornament in his speech.

EMPEROR WILLIAM seriously objects to being stared at, particularly at church. He has issued a Cabinet order in which he says that "from the moment I enter church until I leave hundreds of eyes are, to my great annoyance, fixed on me. I desire at least to be able to collect myself for a few moments at divine service on Sundays. All those who desire to see me can do so during my daily walks and drives in the Thiergarten or Unter den Linden."

LIGHT AND LAUGHABLE.

"WILL you marry me, Ethel?" said the youth. "My family is all that could wish for." "Then why do you want me?"

CONDUCTOR—"Those people in the car who monopolize two seats with their bundles are notified that a cyclone is raging in the next town at."

THOSE Kentucky editors are fellows. One of them published a libel, and the other stole it, and the first published it and gave the second fits for it.

"HAVE you any thing to say?" asked the judge of a recently convicted thief. "No, your honor, my lawyer has spent my last farthing," replied the prisoner.

"CAN you forgive me and love me still," said the new-made bride, "and confess that my teeth are my own?" "Thank goodness!" cried the groom, as he snatched off his wig, "now I can cool my head!"

WHAT a contrast there sometimes is between the adjective and the noun! Reflect, for example, on the difference that exists between the man is constant in love, and the man is constantly in love.

LIEUTENANT—"Have you tried any new horse, yet, Miss Mayfield?" "Yes, and the nasty thing wanted to run away with me." Lieutenant (sighing deeply)—"Ah, that's the feeling, marvellous. I'm not jealous the least. I'd feel that way."

"WHO is that handsome young man standing over there?" inquired a gentleman of a rich old lady. "That's my son-in-law. He is a brilliant young man—made so by one by the law." "Indeed!" said the old gentleman. "How's that? How law made him my daughter's husband?"

"SIR," said a little, but plain-looking gentleman whom he derided for saying his shop closed on Saturday; "sir, to what sect do you think I belong?" "Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other, "but to judge from your make, size, and appearance, I should say you belonged to a class called the insect."

DINER—"Here waiter, what on earth have you given me here? I called for tripe, but this is the stringiest stuff I ever encountered!" Waiter (after critical examination)—"Just as I expected. That cook of ours is terribly near-sighted, and instead of tripe, she's served up a piece of Turkish towel. Perhaps you'd like something else?"